

TEA AND DINNER GOWNS WHICH SUGGEST CHILDHOOD'S FAIRIES.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.
Paris, Aug. 12.—One of the most bewitching gowns seen during the week is of fine sheer mull with trimming of Italian Valenciennes lace. The skirt is circular and held in groups of fine tucks, two each, at front and sides, that extend from the belt to within flounce depth of the hem. Between each group is an entre-deux of the lace that terminates in a point. Otherwise, the skirt is untrimmed. The bodice is made with a deep pointed yoke of all over lace, that is extended to form epaulettes, and is crossed by lace heading run with narrow black velvet ribbon to give a lattice effect. Beneath the mull is tucked part way, then allowed to fall in soft folds. The sleeves are tucked and puffed at the upper portion, of snug fitting lace, crossed to match the yoke, below the elbows.

The skirt has an entire separate foundation of mercerized lawn with a plisse



An Afternoon Toilet Seen at Lucerne.

frill, and the waist is made over a low cut lining of the same material that is carefully fitted and keeps the soft drapery in place. At the waist was worn a belt of black velvet ribbon that was tied in a chic bow with long ends at the back. The occasion being a garden party, a hat of white Neapolitan straw trimmed with mull and roses was added, the new tropical gloves and a parasol that was all one mass of mull ruffles sewn to an India silk foundation. No one item of the costume meant excessive cost. The time absorbed by running the tiny tucks and setting in the lace was taken from nothing of greater moment. The work was neither overtaxing nor overdone, and the result more than repaid the thought and energy expended, yet no amount of trimming or fuss, no quantity of showy applique could have achieved the result. The gown is exquisite in its simplicity, elegant in its finish—essentially the garment of a gentleman.

Diaphanous Dinner

Gowns Suggest the

Fairies of Childhood.

Dinner and ball gowns are rarely beautiful and so completely airy and diaphanous as to suggest the fairies of childhood tales. Silk muslin, silk mull, mousseline taffeta, chiffon, lace, net and the like are the favored materials. Flirt effects and draperies have great vogue and there is a veritable craze for floating strands and scarfs that are made of the flimsiest possible things. As lovely a young matron's gown as could be imagined is of white mousseline taffeta, made en train, and with two insets of cream Cluny lace, one at knee depth, one at yoke distance from the belt, while the bodice is mainly lace and V-shape at the neck. Beneath the entire dress is lustrous silk, in dim shadowy flowers on a blue ground that gives a peculiar effect of suggested cloudy cloud. The lace of the bodice is similarly treated and the sleeves include wedgelike pieces



White Cloth Gown Trimmed With Cream Lace and Silk. The accompanying hat is a cream straw covered with pink tulle and bright pink geraniums.

that run from the elbow up, but from under each front are folds of the soft, pliable silk that form a fishy drapery, and the sleeves include soft puffs and frills that fall at the elbows. A simpler gown worn by a debutante is of embroidered India mull, made with a simple baby waist that closes at the back and includes sleeves that are practically formed by big Louis XIV bow knots. When worn for dancing it is left décolleté, a string of pearls clasped round the throat, but for less formal occasions is worn over a guilpote that is a mass of fine tucking and lace. At the waist is a sash of soft mousseline taffeta, in ciel blue, that is bowed

and allowed to fall in floating ends that are as long as the train.

Underclothing Is Attractive And Should Be Made to Fit.

Underclothing is singularly attractive and it is essential that it should be made to fit. Time was when we thought it necessary to have a vast amount of pleats and gathers and general fullness in our unseen garments. But we have changed all that! Now everything is cut to its narrowest limits. Even nightgowns are semitight fitting, and chemises positively cling to the figure, while the bands of all undergarments are reduced to their least common denomination. It has become, in fact, as necessary to have one's underwear to fit as it is to have one's outer garments, whose "set" indeed depends on those beneath. Fortunately this is a matter which we can all attend to, as in this we are not dependent on costly out-fitters.

The appearance in shops of the mirror-chain, intended to be worn on a long neck-chain, introduces a Parisian fad which promises to secure ready adoption by the fashionable maiden. The charm consists of two parts, which slide open. One of pretty design is in French gilt; the front is a daisy with golden center, enameled with convincing fidelity to nature. When this slides back a tiny mirror is disclosed. The back of the charm is left plain, so that the monogram may be engraved upon it.

Another design has the head of the lovely Queen Louise artistically enameled with a beautiful brunette's head, wreathed with violets, against a violet-tinted background. A girl who bought

one of these new charms yesterday proposes to attach it to her coral chain.

One can now wear earrings without having the ears pierced. The barbaric suggestiveness of piercing the ears is entirely removed. A pair of the new earrings, for instance, show a large round pearl in a gold mounting scarcely visible. From this, a narrow gold wire extends, curving around to the back of the ear, where a flat screw is ready to clamp the earring firmly to the lobe of the ear.

Tea Gown for a Plump Girl With "Old" Hands.

"Isn't it horrid?" complained a pretty girl the other day, while dressing for tea. "I can't wear sleeveless gowns—nor even elbow sleeves—and I just dote on them. My neck is plump enough and half of my arms is very passable—but see this!" She thrust disgustedly up to view two pretty arms—pretty as far as the elbow. From there down to her fingers, one must confess, they were nothing short of skinny.

"My face is young," she quoted Patti's complaint, "but I have old hands!"

There may be others in the same predicament. To such could be recommended the pretty dinner gown in the accompanying sketch. The sleeves are new and novel, and the tucking tends to make the arm appear plump. They also flare quite low over the fingers, while the curve of the pretty bare shoulders is given due prominence. The gown is made of cream-colored silk organdie, with a raised figure of grouped polka dots. The trimmings are of Cluny lace. The full skirt edge is footed with three horizontal tucks.

MARIE ARMSTRONG.

WHEN MARIE CORELLI MET THE EMPRESS FREDERICK.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

London, Aug. 11.—Marie Corelli, when seen at her home, Stratford-on-Avon, the day after the death of the Empress Frederick, talked of having met the German Queen at Buckingham Palace five years ago. Miss Corelli said:

"The Empress impressed me as being a most wonderful woman. She was so versatile, so cultured. She certainly did much for the elevation of her sex in Germany. I felt her real greatness the first minute I talked with her. She told me among other things that my book 'The Sorrows of Satan' was the last novel her husband read. Empress Frederick spoke with great affection of King Edward, then Prince of Wales. She called him not only her good brother, but her true friend."

Miss Corelli is at work on a new book dealing with present-day problems. She is also preparing a lecture on "The Vanishing Gift," meaning imagination, to be given before the Royal Philosophical Institute, Edinburgh, in November. This is the first time a woman has been asked to address the institute. The novelist aims to make use of her intimate acquaintance with Stratford-on-Avon in the formation of a world's union of Shakespeare societies. The central organization will be at Stratford.

Recent guests at the Hotel Splendide, Aix-les-Bains, while in admiration for Maria Pia, Dowager Queen of Portugal, who has been making a protracted stay at Aix. Queen Pia is still a handsome woman. She is also very much flattered by the Italians as a red-haired blond, with that wonderful accompaniment of creamy white skin. Queen Maria Pia was until several years ago considered one of the best-dressed women in Europe. Now, although only 54 and still possessed of a pretty figure, she does not care very much for clothes. She is, however, always admirably gowned, wearing black in everything, her only ornament being a long chain of pearls.

Just previous to her going to Aix, Queen Maria Pia assisted at the christening of her baby grandniece, the Princess Jolande.

Marguerite, Milene Elizabeth Roumanila Maria, daughter of the King of Italy. As the grandchild of King Humbert, the brother to whom Queen Maria Pia was devoted, this much-loved little girl is "the" come in for a great share of attention from Portugal. Indeed, Queen Maria Pia loves everything Italian.

Prophetic of chilly days and grate fires is the bewildering array of autumn curtains which dealers in these stuffs are now showing. Only this last week did the shops begin to herald with heavy drapery the rapid approach of autumn. To-day may be seen complete stocks of beautiful cretonnes, reps and tapestries, which will soon be welcome in the place of flimsy lace and point d'esprit hangings. Some noticeably pretty cretonnes, new this season, come in dark reds and blues, with tulip designs in the natural colors. Brocades are again fashionable for drapery of all kinds.

The English kitchen has never known that article of food beloved of the American, the roast beef. This tid-bit is delicate to the palate but not the eye as we eat it "on the cob." Several Americans temporarily resident in London have induced friends coming abroad since corn ripened in June, to bring them in their trunk enough roast beef for at least a meal. This vegetable transportation has not been infrequent this summer, as prominent members of the American colony will testify.

An article of furniture which seems to be growing in favor is the screen. It is of peculiar value to women who have small houses and apartments. A certain professional girl, who is obliged to use her bedroom as a workroom as well, has used the screen to advantage by hiding both her bed and dressing table behind it. The result is that she has a pretty place in which to invite her friends and harmonious surroundings in which to write. If one wishes to pay only a small amount for this means of concealment she will find this season's introduction of Japanese screens to be just the thing.

E. D. B.

FASHIONABLE FOR WET WEATHER.

Umbrellas Will Be Much Lighter This Season and Stylish Designs Will Match Short Skirts and Mackintoshes—Waterproof Ulsters Are in Vogue

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Rainy-day clothing is a subject for grave consideration. Men do not demolish as readily as do women under the stress of wind and water. Hence they do not need to think so seriously about the weather.

But a woman who desires to dress well and look well, not occasionally, but always, must dress with reference to the elements. Every season finds rainy-day regalia made more attractive, and a complete armor is well-nigh approached. With the beginning of the rainy season smart women will be seen wearing one of two things—either the fashionable water-proof ulster, still tremendously in vogue, or the short skirt, cut ankle length, accompanying a three-quarter length coat.

The latest thing in such a suit was shown this last week. A sample costume, and one which will doubtless be duplicated many times, was made of heavy frieze, double-faced, water-proof, in a warm brown shade most attractive. The three-quarter length coat was ornamented with a high collar of velvet, boasted many pockets, a very full back, and a double row of heavy brown buttons. The short skirt of the same material quite decidedly cleared the ground, and was finished with many rows of stitching. A decided innovation, both for this costume and all rainy-day wear, is the heavy, thick-soled boots to be worn with spats matching the short skirt of ulster. The taller showing the brown suit just described has on sale spats of the same material and also very modish rainy-day hats in

turban effects, starched and trimmed with quills, the brown frieze, being again used.

It is the general opinion that this very complete outfit will improve the wetness upon sensible women, and as a result become popular.

For small women the ulster will always retain its attraction, because it increases height. A little woman in a three-quarter length coat is certainly a ludicrous object. It is, however, that she can wear a moderately short skirt under an ulster quite conveniently, thus taking advantage of both of the becoming and comfortable thing. The best style of ulster for autumn is now shown in water-proof browns and grays, heavy, cut with full back, belted with military sleeves with straps neatly fastening them close about the wrist. Such a garment as can be made up in any number of ways, so that its general service may appeal to some women as worth more to them than the undeniably admirable three-quarter coat and short skirt as a suit.

Umbrellas will be much lighter this season than hitherto, and there will be some stylish designs, matching short skirts and mackintoshes of heavy brown. Women who wear their hair simply, who place on it some jaunty hat which has little trimming as possible, over this a veil thick enough not to lose its shape when wet, who make their feet in thick-soled boots, and who possess a well-cut mackintosh or water-proof coat, can brave any storm and still retain self-respect when, on returning home, they meet their looking glasses.

fashioned style about the shoulders, is a usual accompaniment or else a huge bow of tulle is tied directly under the chin.

For mountain expeditions this autumn the favored fabric will be a loosely woven frieze, trimmed with strappings, horizontal, short or long, single or double breasted, loose sacque or bolero. Russian blouses with small, round collar, and fastening only at the throat, is a novel and rather attractive style.

Yachting caps have much broader brims than last summer, and the truly correct thing is to have the cap match the gown. Some are almost Tam O'Shanter in style, and have a quill thrust through the band at the left side.

FRENCH CLOAKS ARE NOT SO PLEASING AS RAGLANS.

The newest French models in traveling cloaks are of a length little calculated to promote either comfort or neatness. They are beautiful, of course, trailing, sweeping lines, lending a special grace to any figure, but, baptized "dust coats," they are such in more senses than one, and when the wearer is on the ubiquitous deadly germ and the weather is unpropitious, they are as unwieldy as the game seems scarcely worth the while.

A more practicable and certainly, pleasurable wrap for traveling than one of these

dirt harvesters comes in the shape of a three-quarters length Raglan, made of covert cloth, lined or brilliantine.

When made of linen this garment, which runs to a box-coat looseness and strapped seams, has something of the comfortable air of the masculine "duster."

To give ease in walking it slips up at the bottom sides in the same way; then, with the same great patch pockets, the severe coat sleeves and single fly fastenings, it is nothing if not mannish.

But these medium length Raglans are very stylish, and a point in their favor is that they are best suited to skirts that escape the ground. The others must cover a jupe equally long, and the flouncing morning-glory bottoms of the long skirts render the combined burden a nuisance when it needs to be lifted.



Novel French Idea in Headress.

NECKLETS OF VELVET ARE CONSIDERED CHIC.

The latest fad is the wearing of a narrow black velvet ribbon around the throat, with these collarless gowns, tied with short bow and long ends in back. Another distinctive feature is the sash, which appears in many guises on the dressiest frocks. It may be of soft ribbon or chiffon, or crepe, or Louise, and must have ends at the back or front, or side, to suit one's fancy. The unlined yoke and sleeves of lace or embroidery are also in evidence, but the woman of taste does not wear such a costume on the street. The fashion was designed for occasions when an evening toilet would be out of place, but which required a dressy frock, and the style is eminently becoming, but has been vulgarized to a degree by its adaptation to all sorts and conditions of gowns.

LUNY LACE DRESS FOR THE THIN-ARMED WOMAN.

FLATTERY AS AN EDGED TOOL.

Time Was When Everybody Could Be Complimented, but the Successful Conversationalist Must Now Be Tactful and Politic by Avoiding Hackneyed Expressions of Praise.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Time was when people were less sophisticated and almost everybody could be flattered. A compliment was the pinch of salt that could be placed on any bird's tail. But such game is scarce now, and to capture one's quarry one has to practice all the arts of modern social warfare. We have, for instance, been taught to believe time out of mind that women are especially susceptible to this saccharine process; that one had but to make a pretty speech, and her conquest was assured. Hence, what lady nowadays can take a compliment without arting? It is as much as a man's reputation is worth to make a plain, straightforward statement of approbation. He must veil his meaning so that it can be discovered only by a roundabout reflection. Whether it be true or not, he is held offensively responsible for the blush with which it is received.

So, to be successful, one must be politic and tactful; one must adopt the indirect method, and, above all, one must escape the obvious. To say what has been said many times before defeats the very purpose, whether it be good or evil, for which we flatter. The artist discards the hackneyed compliment, and endeavors to place his arrow in a spot that has never been hit before. He will compliment a poet upon his drawings and a painter upon his verses. If a woman, ordinarily plainly dressed, has a single effective garment, does he compliment her upon that particular costume? By no means. Subtlety demands that he flatter her by pointing out some interesting feature in one of her common frocks, without hinting that it is surprising to see her particularly well-dressed. Such compliments have the flavor of novelty, and are treasured up by the recipient to be quoted long after the donor has forgotten them.

The tribute of unexpected praise is more grateful to a person than the reward for which he works hardest and is most confident. It discovers to him new and pleasing attributes. It has all the zest and relish that the particular always has more than the general. And, besides, for the person upon whom some little favorite trick of individuality, and to notice and to comment upon it, the reward is great. Such a flatterer is, in the heart of the flattered one, thrusted with the authority of discernment; he is considered for ever after as a critic of the first importance. Every one has a hobby, an idiosyncrasy, visible or invisible; it is the art of the flatterer to discover it, and his science to use it to his end.

Flattery is, however, an edged tool, and must be used with care. It is not every one who has the taste to decide at a glance just how much his victim will stand. He may know enough, perhaps, to praise the au-

thor of a successful book for some other one of his works which has not attained a popular vogue; he may have the discretion to banter men about their success with the opposite sex, and to accuse women of coquetry; but for all that he may often misjudge his object, and give embarrassment, if not actual affront. Perhaps the safest weapon is the written word.

This is the ambush from which your prey cannot escape. If a letter of praise, or compliment, or even of deliberate flattery is made decently interesting, if it is not too grossly cloying even for private perusal, it cannot fail to count. It has to be paid for by no bluish, no awkward moment, no painful public self-consciousness, no hypocritical denial. It strikes an undefending victim, and brings him down without a struggle. Such tributes of praise can be read and reread without mortification. It is a sweet-smelling incense that burns perpetually before the shrine of vanity. One compliment written down in black and white is worth any number of spoken words, and the trouble that has been taken to commit such praise to paper gives the offering an added interest and importance. Anything that can be said can be written, from the eulogy of a lady's slipper to the appreciation of a solo on a harp.

There is a kind of conscious vanity to which flattery comes welcome, however patent the hyperboles may appear. To such persons, and there are many, a certain amount of adulation oils the wheels of life. They do not believe all that is said, but prefer, on the whole, by pleasant fictions rather than by unpleasant facts. To others, especially if they be creators in any art, compliments stimulate and impel to their best endeavor. Many a man has achieved a masterpiece chiefly because a woman declared him capable of it.

FASHION'S DIARY.

Quite the latest "throatlet" is of rich black lace, lightly studded with diamonds and passing through jeweled gold slides.

A suggestion of color on the handkerchief is coming more and more into general favor. Narrow hemstitched borders of a color matching the summer suit are used.

In the wash ties and neckbands fashion has produced something as practically useful and durable as it is pretty. The pique stocks of white, with a narrow, colored lawn tie, always looks fresh with a cotton gown.

Cameo brooches have come into popularity after a long-continued stay in the back ground. They are exceedingly smart when worn as belt buckles and as skirt pins.

SONG OF THE HAWTHORN TREE

From "By Grey Old Gardens."
When May morn dawns on the woodland lawns
You waken the dreaming glades,
And my branches green, starred with buds
between,
Are bespelled by merry maids.

When skies are clear and the springtime here
I robe me pure as snow,
And my blossoms white are the world's
delight
Wherever they bud and blow.

There's many a hole in my twisted bole
Where the fairies visit me;
In their madcap sport am I ever sought,
And their love is the hawthorn tree.

You can call me pure, and you deem me
sure,
And you set me about your land;
But the tears I weep and my sorrow deep
You never understand.

My blossoms are white, but by every right
With the red blood stained should be;
And a weary cry wails on high
From the heart of a shameful tree.

Of mistletoe wood was the holy rood,
But of me was the crown of thorns;
And I would I'd died on the bare hillside
Ere ever I saw that morn.

The mistletoe tree has ceased to be—
But of me was the crown of thorns;
And you wear my flowers in your brightest
hours.

But I mourn my sin away.

REVELATION.

Fresh as the summer's cooling breeze
The breath of the sun divine
Awakes within my spirit praise,
And heavenly peace is mine.
Sweet as the breath of odorous flowers,
Fair Nature's sweet perfume,
The light of Revelation gleams
And tells of rest and home.
Fair as the morning's opening rays
Which drive the mists away,
Love's cheering promises awake,
And sorrows pass away.
Dear as the links which unite
In friendships loving power;
The soul's communion with the skies,
The mediative hour.
Bright as the sun's meridian beams,
The future scenes appear
When Faith triumphant lifts the soul
And brings the future near.
Say not the truths of Holy Writ
At best but darkly shine;
They glid the brightest hours of life
And cheer in life's decline.
—Albert Midland

THE SEDGES DRY.

They have no song, the sedges dry,
And still they sing.
In it within my breast they sing,
As I pass by.
Within my breast they touch a string,
They wake a sigh.
There is but sound of sedges dry,
In me they sing.
—Dr. George Morison